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CAMPBELL PRESS

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Hedda Hopper: Looking at HOLLYWOOD

SOME stars, who ascended into the cinematic heavens years ago and whose ability is so solid they've remained at the top, are now taken for granted by most of us. We begin maligning them just because they've been around so long. We point up jokes at them, since their names are household institutions. We forget their achievements all too quickly and lie in wait for them to do a bad job so we can take pot shots.

Charles Laughton

I detect this symptom in many of **Charles Laughton's** admirers and enemies. Charles, Hollywood's paunchy genius of character portrayals, believes in "mixing his offerings." He won't take the easy way of establishing one great character and then playing it for the rest of his life in different settings and plots. He keeps searching for new stories, different characters, and putting all his energy into sincere portrayals of these.

Runs the Gamut

Remember "Sign of the Cross"? He played Nero—whose only whim was the death warrant of hundreds. Then there was "Henry the Eighth," the most dominating old roue who ever swept a camera off its feet, and "Ruggles of Red Gap," the gentleman's gentleman who did the most inspiring rendition of the Gettysburg address ever heard since the Emancipator himself uttered the immortal words.

Whether Laughton will be a big hit in the "Canterville Ghost" or not remains to be seen, but I do know he's put his all into it, and he's honest enough to say.

Can't Be Stopped

Orson Welles hasn't been with us as long as Charley Laughton, but for a young man of 29 summers he's made theatrical history. When he first arrived he was the butt of everybody's jokes but the critical part of the town stopped laughing after "Citizen Kane." He had something in that that received praise from all over except the minor portion of the press which might have been prejudiced against him. Orson discovered a whole new slough of actors and actresses which he brought out bodily from the Mercury theater. "The Magnificent Ambersons," which he directed, was another film okayed by the critics.

Orson Welles

What's in store for Orson nobody knows—not even himself. As an actor he's hurting his career by making radical speeches. You've got to decide whether you want to be in politics or be an actor.

Slow but Sure Climb

Walter Pidgeon's another who's been around a long time. He also went back to Broadway to find a second career, but there's no chance of shoving Walter around. He and **Greer Garson** have been teamed so often they've become our top male and female combination.

We don't have to pause over **Bill Powell.** He goes from one part to another with the greatest of ease, and not until he appeared in "Heavenly Body" did I ever believe that Powell could be unfunny.

Like Old Man River

We've called **Bing Crosby** everything except actor. Now, after running him down, critics have come out unanimously in proclaiming Bing not only a fine actor, but many even went so far as to say Bing could have done "Going My Way" without a song. For the well-known groaner, he could ask for no greater praise.

Boris Karloff is our greatest bogeyman. As Frankenstein's monster he rose from the grave more times than you have fingers on two hands. He didn't wait here for us to shove him around; he took himself to Broadway and started pushing people in "Arsenic and Old Lace," and made a fortune.

So don't mind it too much when we ourselves begin treating some of our stars as though they were footballs. Remember, if we didn't love them and think they had what it takes we'd ignore them completely, and what would happen then if they didn't see their names in print?

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Star Under Observation

Smart woman that **Rose Franken! Martha Scott,** who will play in "Soldier's Wife," has been a house guest of Rose, and a lot of Martha's characteristics, which Rose has learned since they've been together so much, will be incorporated in the play. One of them is her habits in dressing and undressing. The first thing Martha puts on is a hat, and it's the last thing she takes off. Even after she's in her nightgown she has her hat on.

Future Farmer Honored Tuesday At Kiwanis Meet

The Kiwanis club honored Jack Farnham, this year's winner of the Future Farmers Agricultural award for Campbell high school members, at their Tuesday meeting.

Ralph Noddin of the school faculty was chairman and presented the award, and M. E. Ralston, agricultural instructor gave a brief resume of the qualities of the year's award winner. These awards are given the outstanding graduate for Future Farmer records during his high school years.

Ralston stated that thru his work and because of his progress Farnum has been appointed a State Farmer.

Farnham made a short talk about his work and some of the problems he ran into in raising his hogs.

Lt. Ed. Teresi on leave from Quantico, Va., was a guest and told some of his experiences in the South Pacific where he was stationed for two years.

He was chosen with five others for officers training in the Marine Corps and is now on leave, but hopes to join his old outfit in the next few months.

Other visitors were Frank Abernathy, San Jose club; M. E. Ralston and Raymond Fisher, Los Gotas club.

Ethan Lanphear gave the official returns of the 5th War Loan drive which was directed by the Kiwanis with the assistance of Orchard City Grange, and of which Lanphear was chairman.

Campbell's total quota was $186,325, divided as "E" bonds $74,025, and other issues $112,300. The quota was over-subscribed but not as alloted. "E" bonds were $66,238 and others $121,996; totaling $188,234.

Next week Miss Martha Parr (Marty) will review the book "Der Fuehrer," with Budd Levenberg chairman.

Twice Wounded Local Marine In Drive On Saipan

Marine Private Harry C. Rediker has written his mother, Mrs. Harry F. Rediker, Meridan Road, that he is now on Saipan, and has received no further injuries.

Rediker was wounded twice on Guadalcanal for which he received the purple heart. He was one of the first lot to attack Tawara.

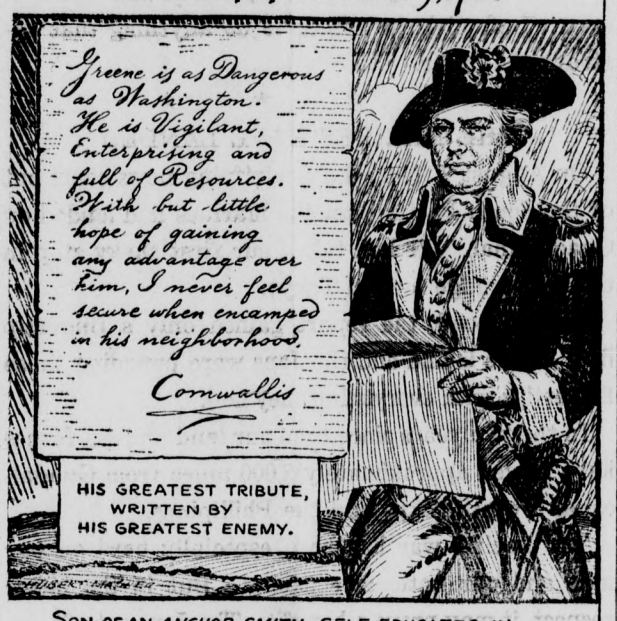
An alumnus of Campbell high school. Rediker was a student at San Jose State college when he enlisted in the Marines on Dec. 8, '41.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Weaver of Carmel, formerly of this city, were overnight guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Lanphear Friday night. They were en route home from a few days spent in the bay area.

Mrs. Mabel Crow Trigwell of San Jose has received a letter from her son, T/1 Robert R. Thompson, stating that he was all right after having been in battles at Wake, the Gilberts, Marshalls and Marianas. In many months he had only three days off and they were on the Marshalls.

OUR DEMOCRACY — by Mat

GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE
AUGUST 7,1742 - JUNE 9,1786


Greene is as Dangerous as Washington. He is Vigilant, Enterprising and full of Resources. With but little hope of gaining any advantage over him, I never feel secure when encamped in his neighborhood.
Cornwallis
HIS GREATEST TRIBUTE, WRITTEN BY HIS GREATEST ENEMY.

SON OF AN *ANCHOR-SMITH*, SELF-EDUCATED IN ENGLISH, LATIN, GEOGRAPHY, MATHEMATICS AND MILITARY HISTORY, HE ENTERED WASHINGTON'S ARMY AS A PRIVATE, WAS MADE BRIGADIER-GENERAL WITHIN A YEAR - REMAINED IN ACTIVE SERVICE WITHOUT A DAY'S FURLOUGH UNTIL THE FINAL DISBANDMENT OF THE ARMY IN 1783 — *TYPIFYING IN HIS RISE TO LEADERSHIP AMERICA'S WAY OF REWARDING INDIVIDUAL EFFORT AND ABILITY.*

CAMPBELL SOLDIER WOUNDED IN INVASION OF NORMANDY

Hdqts., European Theater of Operations—Pfc. Ralph R. Le Warne, 23, of Campbell, Calif., now recovering at a U. S. army general hospital in England from wounds received in the invasion of France, will be awarded the Order of the Purple Heart.

Member of a rifle company in an infantry division, Pvt. Le Warne landed in France eight days after D-day.

"It was late in the afternoon when our landing boat set us ashore. Everything was quiet on the beaches, and we started inland," said Le Warne.

He said his unit marched all night, covering a distance of about 35 miles and that a few snipers were encountered, but were taken care of by the advance patrols. During the night, two enemy planes attempted an attack on the column, but were driven away by allied fighters.

"About ten o'clock next morning we reached the front lines where we were to relieve paratroopers. We started digging in, and after taking up positions for the attack, we rested until noon," he said.

"Our artillery opened on the German positions in the afternoon, using all of our fire power while Jerry was pouring it back from on top the hill.

"I really hugged the ground. Our barrage lifted, and we were given the order to advance.

"Just as I jumped up, a low flying plane suddenly appeared and dropped two bombs. I could hear the whistling on its way down, and I kept running for cover. The bomb hit and exploded about 20 feet from me. The force of the explosion knocked me to the ground, and showered me with debris. A piece of the shrapnel hit me in the foot which broke a bone and knocked me out of the battle," he said.

Capt. Max Himmelfarb of Portland, Ore., ward officer, said, "Le Warne is doing nicely and should be in good shape in a few weeks."

Formerly employed in west coast shipyards, Le Warne was inducted into the army in 1942, and received his training at Camp Blanding, Fla. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Le Warne of Campbell. Two brothers are also in the service.

Rebekahs Plan Rummage Sale

Ada Rebekah lodge met Tuesday evening, Aug. 1 with Virginia Currie, noble grand, presiding.

Plans are being made for a rummage sale to be held this month, the date to be announced later.

The next regular meeting will be on Aug. 15, the district deputy president, Edith Gallup, paying her official visit. The committee in charge of the evening will be Edith Morley, Virginia Currie, Viola Klassen, Ida Currie and Josephine Gray.

Automobile Quota For District Cut

The August quota of new 1924 passenger automobiles for the San Francisco district of OPA of which Santa Clara is a part, has been cut from 215 rationed in July to 155, reports Paul I. Nederman, rationing executive. He also stated that quotas will continue to get smaller as no new cars have been made since February 1942.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burrow of Oakland spent the weekend with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Burrow of Pollard road.

Local Cannery Needs Victory Shift Workers

With the opening of the peach pack next Monday the Drew Canning company is going to need many more workers, according to an announcement from the personnel office this week.

The crying need at the local plant, like all other canneries is for night shift workers. Victory shift workers will be taken for any hours which are convenient. People who are on short or long vacations from other jobs will find the cannery a convenient place of employment for the duration of their vacation.

One of the problems facing the local cannery is the problem of housing for its employees. New workers are coming in daily and many of these are unable to find a place to live. Any resident of Campbell who has a room or apartment available for these people should notify the personnel office.

Applicants for employment will find the personnel office open all day and all night.

Rides for Scout Swimming Parties Urgently Needed

Boy Scouts of the Campbell district are being taken to the Woodrow Wilson swimming pool on Wednesday evenings. An average of about 50 boys are enjoying these swims.

As the transportation is all voluntary the leaders would be very appreciative if anyone could take in some of the boys occasionally, but even one trip would be a help. Call Arthur Tindall, Campbell 2189.

Troop 31, with Scoutmaster Harry Smith, are planning a fishing trip in the near future, and Troop 28 has tentative plans for an outing at Scout ranch at Felton in September.

Youth Council Does Fine Job

The several branches of activities being conducted under the auspices of the Campbell Youth council are meeting a real need as evidenced by the attendance records for July.

The two day projects utilize the Campbell grammar school and attendance at the playground averages 42, although attendance has gone up to 160, and at the nursery the average is 25.

The young women handling the nursery are doing a very fine job, and the children interrogated are enjoying the playground program of shop work and games.

The evening group uses the Scout hall where some 40 gather through the week and on Saturday nights about 100.

The recently installed young officers of the council are planning an extensive program of events, with their adviser, Hal Belyew.

James Patrick Curry, son of Mrs. Marie Curry, 511 W. Campvell avenue, is now a merchant seaman in active service. He passed the required examinations earlier in the year but was too young to be accepted at that time.

SMALL CHILD MEETS DEATH UNDER AUTO

A tragic accident occurred Saturday which resulted in the death of two year old Manuel Laughlin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Laughlin, residents of the Hyde auto camp at the corner of Gilman and Central avenues.

William O. Ward, a fruit picker from Los Altos had driven to the camp to pick up his son, and was backing into a driveway and did not see the child who ran out of a house into the path of the car. He took him immediately to tohe county hospital where he to the county hospital where he was pronounced dead on

Services were held Monday from the Rutherford Funeral home with the Rev. Ernest Dillard of Campbell officiating, and Mr. and Mrs Rutherford the musicians. Interment was in Santa Clara City cemetery.

Besides the parents, the baby is survived by two brothers, Dude and Erbie, and two aunts, Mrs. Lodice Ward of Campbell and Mrs. Renie Nofsinger of Porterville.

Wounded Marine Visits Parents Of His Buddy

Pvt. Marvin Milne of Rochester, N. Y., has been visiting the parents of Corporal George Sekevec of the U. S. Marine Corps, at their home on North Central avenue.

Young Sekevec graduated from Campbell high school in June '41 and enlisted just after Pearl Harbor. He has now served over two years in the Pacific jungles.

Pvt. Milne was wounded while supplying ammunition for Cpl. Sekavec's gun that the Japs were trying to silence, during the capture of one of the two major islands of the Eniwetok atoll in the Marshall group.

Sekavec with his regiment went on to take and secure several more islands in the same group.

Engagement to Campbell Man Is Announced

The engagement of Miss Shirley Forbes of San Luis Obispo and Donald Elbert Lantz of Campbell was recently announced by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer A. Forbes, parents of the bride to be, at a breakfast at their home.

Miss Forbes graduated from San Luis Obispo high school and is a sophomore at San Jose State college. Donald is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert N. Lantz, an alumnus of Campbell high school and was attending University of California at Davis when the ill health of his father and the the exigencies of war curtailed his studies to take over the operation of the family orchard.

No wedding date has been set as yet.

Chester L. Linden and Donald A. Smith both of Campbell were sworn into the navy last Thursday.

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POLITICAL PARADE

The issues which turn elections usually are not even mentioned in party platforms—and in that respect, the 1944 presidential race promises to run true to form.

What the democratic platform says, few people know, and fewer still will remember. The sole Democratic issue, developed thus far, is that dog-eared masterpiece, "Don't change horses in the middle of the stream."

Often used, and frequently abused, it is nontheless persuasive with many voters, although the Democratic National Convention, in unceremoniously dumping Vice President Wallace, left itself open to the charge of violating its own credo—by switching wheel-horses!

The Republican platform, likewise, will not play a momentous part in the campaign, despite all the hullabaloo at the time it was being written. Some of the real Republican issues are just starting to take form.

Here are GOP issues, now just developing, that will warrent watching:

1.—Bossism. The Democrats led with their chin on this one by nominating Senator Harry Truman, protege of the corrupt Boss Pendergast machine, as their candidate for Vice President. Governor Tom Dewey, who first gained public acclaim breaking the grip of racketeers in New York, certainly is not going to let that challenge go unanswered. Mr. Dewey, an able prosecutor, whether or not you agree with his politics, is going to try the biggest case in his career during the next few months—and the names of Boss Hague of Jersey City, Boss Kelly of Chicago and Boss Pendergast of Kansas City will share the headlines with New York's own Tammany Hall during the course of that prosecution.

2.—The people's stake in government! Watch that issue, for today, with the government withdrawing 20 per cent of the workers' paychecks for taxes, and with Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen putting all their spare cash in war bonds, the individual is likely to take his partnership with government more seriously—and to be more interested in selecting the men he thinks best fitted to protect his investment. Mr. Dewey can be depended upon to dwell on the terrific spending spree which has characterized the New Deal's twelve years in Washington.

There is another issue, just forming in labor circles, created by the dominant part which the CIO's Political Action Committee is playing in the Roosevelt campaign, Republican strategists are asking the AFL whether they can afford to risk the CIO ending up with a first mortgage on the White House. Under the circumstances don't be too surprised if a large segment of labor splits away from the Roosevelt regime and climbs on the Republican bandwagon, where it wouldn't have to take a second seat to Sidney Hillman's robust political actionists.

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AN OPPORTUNITY FOR INDUSTRY

The CIO Political Action Committee, with its instructions to canvassers to call on every home in a given area, should suggest something to industry.

For instance, what has CIO to sell the people that employing industry has not. After it is all said and done, industry provides the jobs for the workers. Without private industry, there would be no need for unions and thousands of well paid union officials. Totalitarian countries do not tolerate labor unions. You don't strike under a Hitler or a Mussolini unless you wish to face a firing squad.

If labor is wise, it will do nothing to undermine the future of private enterprise. And if industry is wise, it will be aggressive in seeing that its story is told in every possible way to every citizen. Free labor and free entrprise can only rise or fall together, and it is foolish for either to do anything that destroys the other.

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THE MARINES HAVE LANDED

On August 7, 1942, the electrifying news came out of the South Pacific that the Marines had landed on Guadalcanal. We had taken our first shaky step in the long trudge toward Tokyo.

As we recall, the report gained only a fingertip hold on the island and the Japs were pounding those fingertips with everything they had.

In the two years since then our land and sea forces have moved approximately 2,000 miles from Guadalcanal toward Tokyo and the Phillipines.

The Pacific war has been especially hard on our men and our national economy. But in the latter respect, it may prove a benefit. The Japs cut off our rubber supply and forced us to develop synthetic rubber.

For decades before Pearl Harbor we had been building our economy on rubber. Millions of cars had been produced. Millions of trucks and busses formed an indispensable part of our transportation. Then suddenly our source of rubber was gone.

Now synthetic rubber has been developed into a giant industry. As yet, heavy-duty synthetic tires for trucks are not satisfactory, and manpower shortages prevent the full production of other tires. But these problems are still being worked on. When they are solved, America will be independent of outside rubber sources and will be able to produce rubber below pre-war prices.

After the war, a great increase in auto travel and highway freight transportation is certain. Having rubber sources at home will assure us our economy will never again be threatened by an aggressor's grab of foreign rubber sources.

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LESS SERVICE, PLEASE

The manpower shortage in Washington, D. C. has become so acute that hotels have been ordered to reduce their service to guests.

Guests may be forced to limit their baths to one a day, use the same bed sheets for half a week, and handle their own baggage.

Now, maybe a lot of "important" trips to Washington will be cancelled!

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LIVING MEMORIALS FOR ALL OUR BOYS

In memory of me, you wouldn't erect
A dreary stone that would reflect—
No thought of joy or living things,
Or hope, for which the whole world sings.

I ask that you go plant a tree
To cast a shadow cool, for me.
A tree to bless the weary earth,
Or any monument of vital worth!

In haunting memory, on marble cold,
I want no story of my valor told.
Forlorn and desolate, they stand for years,
Despair they bring, and lonely tears.

Instead, I beg you plan a place,
A playground—where children race,
A little lake—a bathing beach,
A happy place— in easy reach.

For all the Boys—on sea and land,
For all the Flyers—who victory planned,
From the Spirit World—We unite our pleas—
For playgrounds—pools—and glorious trees!

No futile piles of stone to mar
The landscape view—both near and far!
Dead monuments are but idle toys—
Give living things for our noble boys!

MILLICENT EASTER

Kathleen Norris Says:

Be Careful When You Give Advice

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.

"Instead of thinking how justified he was in resenting the presence of this officious older woman in his home, I did apply for a divorce."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"A WOMAN friend wrecked my marriage," writes a Los Angeles woman. "She meant it well, of course; she was indignant because she thought I had been badly treated and talked me into divorce. But it ruined my happiness just the same.

"I had been married about seven years," the letter goes on, "when things began to go wrong between Phil and me. We never quite got together on the question of money; I had been raised without any training in managing my affairs, and I know now that while I wasn't an extravagant wife, I was slipshod in money matters, and kept him resentful and uneasy. I hated budgets, and if Phil asked me to sit down and go over our accounts and expenses, I always pulled away. My attitude was, I'll do the best I can and for heavens sake don't nag me.

"Now I see that I was wrong. Perhaps he was impatient and exacting with an inexperienced housekeeper, but I was wrong, too. Money leakage and waste keep many a good husband worrying and uneasy, when just a little common sense, and giving him the feeling that financial responsibility is a burden shared, would end the difficulty.

Woman Disrupts Happy Home.

"We had two small boys, and I had a good kitchen helper when I met the woman I'll call Vera. She had been my mother's friend; in a way she seemed to take my mother's place. I confided in her, and she always sided with me. She thought I ought to have more amusement, pleasure, more frocks and luxuries, without ever asking me just how near Phil could come to paying for them. At the time he was helping care for a widowed sister who had small twins to raise; Vera was indignant over that, and she somewhat infected me with the same resentment. If we went downtown shopping together she would make me select a smart new hat or bag; sometimes paying for it herself, sometimes charging it to Phil—either proceeding made him furious.

"The boys were sick and I got the flu from them; Vera moved in to nurse me. It made me very uncomfortable even though it really did help. Afterward Phil said he hoped we could drop her and we quarrelled; he was in money difficulties, one thing led to another, and finally I found Vera urging me to ask for my freedom. Then, she said, Phil couldn't ride me about the way I spent my money; he couldn't come home drunk and frighten the boys—which he did twice—and I would have my children and my home to possess in peace.

"In an evil hour, instead of thinking how tired and burdened and harassed he was, and how justified in resenting the presence of this officious older woman in his home, I did apply for divorce, on the grounds of mental cruelty. I secured it, and had my freedom. It is not too much to say that I have not had an hour of true happiness since. Even my joy in my children doesn't seem the same, for I have cheated them of home and father, and done them irreparable injury. Vera lived with me for a few months; we parted and have never seen each other since, and that was three years ago.

"Phil came to our town, as a commander in the navy, a few weeks ago. He wanted to borrow my boys for a few weeks; under our divorce agreement he has the right. He has married a fine, gentle girl, has a baby girl of his own. We talked like two ghosts of what might have been. He went away with the boys—and here I am, staring out into a spring night and wondering what craziness possessed me when I threw my life away."

"Make the boys' characters sane, simple and strong."

DON'T INTERFERE

No matter how well-intentioned advice is, it may do untold harm. Miss Norris tells how a meddling older woman wrecked a young wife's home by constant criticism of the husband and finally by urging the wife to seek a divorce.

What started as small arguments over budgets and extravagance developed into bitterness as the wife thought she was being abused and restricted. Then when the husband fell into financial difficulties during the depression and took to drink, the wife decided that she could not go on. All the time she was under the influence of this older woman, a friend of her mother's.

When she took the fatal step and obtained a divorce on grounds of mental cruelty, she was following the advice of this "friend." No sooner was she "free" than she began to regret her hasty action. "I have not had an hour of true happiness since," she confides. "Even my joy in my children doesn't seem the same, for I have cheated them of home and father, and done them irreparable injury."

All this because of the bad advice of a busybody!

Work and Happiness Ahead.

Well, to a certain extent, Marjorie, we all throw our lives away. We all make mistakes and miss opportunities. Your tragic error was in believing that a detached, idle woman, with nothing to do but try to steal a part of your life, could possibly give you wise advice. But cheer up; you are not 30 years old yet. In getting into some hard necessary activity, and not only helping physically to bring nearer the time when a better day will dawn for us all, but also fitting yourself mentally for the needs of the new world, you will find healing. There is work and happiness ahead for you; life isn't over. The years ahead of us are going to be the most thrilling in the history of the world, and with two sons to build for, you will soon become absorbed in the new plans and new ideals.

Make the boys' characters as sane, simple, strong as you can. Lose yourself in service; war-production service, service at home with your sons, Red Cross service, service to all the organizations that are holding civilization together; boy and girl scouts, war chests, community chests, entertainment of service men, canteens, there are a hundred avenues of useful and fascinating work open to you. You can't tell what fate has still in store for you: what you do know now is that marriage is a sacred matter, that it concerns two persons alone, and that however well-meant, outside interference always makes trouble.

Women Improve Factories

Here are some of the constructive by-products of the employment of women in war plants that may be expected to carry over into the post-war industrial plant, according to the National Metal Trades association:

"Establishment of better lighting, heating, sanitary and similar conveniences, more pleasant surroundings and better housekeeping; greater provision for safety; increase in conveniences for handling materials in process."

Shower Honors Myrtle Calkins, Bride-Elect

Mrs. Myrtle Calkins of San Jose was honored at a bridal linen shower given by Mrs. Archie Keesling at her home on Rincon avenue, Campbell, Saturday afternoon, July 29.

Guests present were the bride-elect, her mother, Mrs. T. G. Burch; her daughter, Mrs. Virgil Greenley, and the Mesdames Albert Cunningham, J. S. Greenley, J. M. Bowman, T. B. Patterson, Arthur Wellington, Jim Norwood, Harry James, Floyd Stone, H. J. Skinner, Ira Brotzman, John Graham, Joe Keesling, and the Misses Barbara Root, Leila Merritt, and Ann Bocchino.

Colorful and tasty seasonal refreshments were served by the hostess and at the close of a pleasant afternoon the bride to be escorted the guests around the corner, to her new future home on Budd avenue. They were cordially met by genial Bob Glaw, the prospective groom, and were shown through the house and about the beautiful and spacial gardens.

The wedding is to be an event of early fall.

1st Lieutenant and Mrs. Stanley Parker and Baby Garth arrived Saturday in West Virginia where Lieut. Parker is a physician in a hospital. Mrs. Parker was the former Helen Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Robinson with whom she has been staying for several weeks.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Parysek, a girl, Judith Anne, July 21, at O'Connor's.

Born,to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nally, a daughter, Kathern Fay, July 23 at O'Connor's.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Parker, a son, Roger Allen, July 22 at O'Connor's

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Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John Patterson of Campbell, a son, Richard, July 18 at O'Connor's.

T/5 Barbara C. Davis, a member of the WAC, has written friends that she is now in Australia and although she had not at the time of writing entered upon her duties, was preparing for a censor.

The Telephone Spirit of Service

"It is traditional in our business that our people always rise to the height of any emergency. Telephone men and women have been tested, time and again, on occasions of fire, flood, earthquake and other disaster. With the first flash of the news of hostilities, and without bidding, hundreds of telephone men and women who were off duty, reported to their posts. The response of our entire organization was immediate. That spirit and will-to-do which are of such vital importance in these emergency times were given full expression by an organization trained in the rendition, maintenance and safeguarding of a service upon which our Country, arming itself under an accelerated war program, depends so vitally for rapid and efficient communication. At the forefront is that 'Spirit of Service' which has been demonstrated so admirably by thousands of telephone men and women who, in fair or stormy weather, have taken 'the message through.' Calmly and effectively our men and women are serving the great Cause of Human Freedom."

The above statement was made in our Annual Report for 1941. Immediately following the tragic disaster at Port Chicago, California—a disaster in character and in kind entirely new to us—our men and women, beset by lurking danger at every turn, again rose to the traditional heights of service and expressed all along the line in their every action that "Spirit of Service," the portrayal of which a word picture cannot possibly do full justice.

This tragic disaster with its most distressing loss of life saw telephone men and women on the job before the detonation of the terrific explosion had scarcely died away. The "Spirit of Service" was at the forefront! The response to duty was immediate. Without an order, without an instruction, or without waiting for a direction, telephone men and women accepted immediately the challenge and went to work to be of the greatest possible service in this most unfortunate and terrifying emergency.

Not only the regular forces, but men and women who had formerly worked for the company left their families and their homes and responded immediately, on their own volition, to play their full part to "take the message through." The rapid restoral of the long distance service and the speed with which the plant was restored is well known to the general public. Each employee stuck to his post even though suffering physical injuries.

The men and women who did this magnificent work, under the greatest of dangers, are part and parcel of our organization of more than 43,000 people. Through their earnestness of effort, efficiency and courtesy they are playing their full and effective part each day as do our 4,886 uniformed men and women on the war front, in whom we take justifiable pride, to take our great Nation through to Victory and Peace.

We express our pride, admiration and appreciation to each of our people for the effective part they played in this most creditable and splendid performance of our organization. It shall be a lasting inspiration to all of us to be of ever greater service.

We bow in deepest appreciation to an understanding and friendly public for its most helpful co-operation. This splendid assistance makes an almost impossible task in these emergency days an inspired undertaking to our men and women throughout our entire organization.

N. R. Bowlby
President.

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THE BOOK MARK

by marty

"A *WALK IN THE SUN*" by Harry Brown.

Harry Brown is the author of three recently published volumes: "End Of A Decade" (1941), "The Poem of Bunker Hill" (1941), and "The Violent" (1943), and his articles, short stories, and poems have been appearing at regular intervals in such magazines as Harper's Bazaar, The Atlantoic Monthly, The New Republic, The New Yorker, and the Virginia Quarterly.

Here is a tiny volume containing the activities of a Yankee Platoon after it landed on the outskirts of a beachhead battle in Italy. In deep darkness, immediately before dawn, the lieutenant had been wounded while they were still in the water. He had taken out his glasses and was leaning against the side of the landing barge, trying to focus on some firing off the left. The firing was some miles off, the barge was still about twenty-four hundred yards from shore, and the night, or rather early morning, was dark. He was aware of a great mushrooming whiteness in front of him, and then someone pinched his left cheek very hard. He slid slowly down to a sitting position, from which he never arose. With the Lieutenant gone sergeant Porter was in command of the platoon and he did not want the responsibility. He had been fighting hard in Tunisia, in North Africa, in Sicily and in Italy for over a year and he was tired. His nerves were stretched beyond endurance. He assumed command reluctantly.

Death and ill luck dogged the platoons tracks from the moment their Lieutenant was killed until their objective was reached. The objective was a machine gun nest located in a farm house a distance of six miles from the beach. Thru shrubs, scrubby trees and ditches the dirty, weary, hungry, homesick Infantrymen, led by first one official and then another, inched their rugged way over the six miles.

Never before, has the common soldier of our American army, been portrayed to the x-ray entent as this author has so expertly accomplished in this novel. Not only are his military actions described minutely, but his mental actions and alertness are flashed before your mind in sharp and indelible etchings.

It is a simple, an entirely unpretentious story about an insignificiant marginal affair of unsung heroes; but it contains so much homely truth about the common American soldier, so much great and good news about his characteristic behavior in the presence of death and under a racing shadow of deadly fear, that one can hardly call it anything less than the Red Badge of Courage of our generation and of this war.

* * * * *

Life's highest joy belongs to him who stands, after a struggle, on some spiritual summit and looks first down upon the valley from whence he has ascended, and then up to some higher peak which shall become tomorrow's goal.

—Author Unknown.

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CHURCHES

Congregational Church Notes
J. H. Bennett, Pastor

9:45 a. m. Sunday School.

11 a. m.—Morning service, union meeting, with Rev. E. E. Pleasant, late of Hawaii, conducting the service.

Campbell Methodist Church Notes
Donald H. Baldwin, Pastor

9:45—Sunday school.

11 a. m.—Morning service, union meeting at the Congregational church.

No youth meeting.

CHURCH OF CHRIST
Library Auditorium

Bude H. Little, Minister

10 a. m. Bible school.

11 a. m. Worship.

7:30 p. m. Evening Worship.

7:30 p. m. Thursday, teacher training classes at 120 W. Campbell avenue.

Campbell Pentecostal Mission
Assembly of God.
I. O. O. F. Building

Sunday, Bible school at 9:45 a. m.

Morning worship at 11:00 a. m.

Evening service at 7:30 p. m.

Mid-week service Wednesday evening at 7:45.

Rev. Herbert L. Johnson

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Orville S. Potter, Pastor

9:45 a. m. Sunday school.

6:30 p. m. Young people's hour.

7:30 p. m. Evening Evangelistic service.

7:30 p. m. Wednesday. Mid-week prayer service.

Christian Science Churches

"We have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God." These words from I Corinthians comprise the Golden Text to be used Sunday, Aug. 6, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist. The subject of the lesson-sermon will be "Spirit."

Other Bible passages and readings from the Christian Science textbook will be included in the service.

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9:30 a. m. Saturday—Sunday school.

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MASONIC NOTICE
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated Meetings held on the first Monday of each Month.
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Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge No. 42 meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
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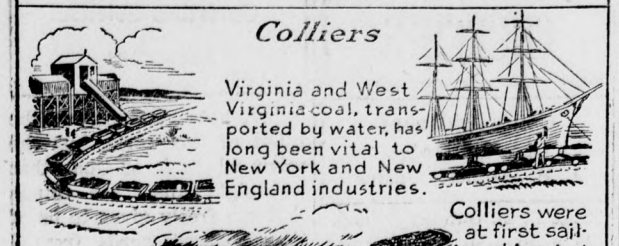

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Information courtesy of American Merchant Marine Institute, N.Y.

Inverted Eyes

Have you ever pulled the tip of a finger of your glove down inside? That's the way the eyes of some creatures work up and down. Eyes of such creatures are mounted on the tips of hollow tentacles, and are drawn in when the tentacles are inverted.

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An Easy Two Bucks

By FRANK BENNETT
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

IT'S not every day a fellow like me has a chance to pick up an extra two bucks, so I hurried back from taking the cream to town. Ike Melvin, my boss, was sitting in the sun, behind the barn, frowning at a near-by unplowed forty. "Another day like this, Johnny," he said, "and we can begin the spring plowin'."

I said, "Too bad we don't have another team. If we had, it wouldn't take long to turn that forty."

"Teams is kinda scarce, Johnny."

This seemed like the proper opening. "What's it worth to you to know where you can get a team at a bargain?"

Ike eyed me shrewdly. "Why, Johnny, if I could make a good deal, I reckon it'd be worth a dollar."

"You're on," I said. "Bill Ford has a team of mules he'd like to get rid of. Of course, Bill's a close trader."

"Hump!" Ike spat noisily. "A kid could out-trade Bill. Come along."

On the way to get the car, we saw a couple of roosters fighting. Ike cussed and shooed them apart. "That blamed old red rooster is always pickin' a scrap," he said. "If he wasn't so old and tough, we'd eat him."

We found Bill Ford sitting on the fence by the pig pen, his old straw hat tipped back on his graying hair, smoke belching from a decrepit corncob pipe.

From there the talk went to politics, taxes, the price of corn, how to win the war and, at last, to mules. "I got a good team of mules — them brown ones — that's worth all the hosses in the county," Bill offered.

"Give me hosses every time. Mules is too contrary," Ike said.

Bill filled his pipe. "Now, take these here mules, heat don't bother 'em a-tall . . . " and Bill gave a

We found Bill Ford sitting on the fence by the pig pen,

glowing account of last summer's work, with not a few exaggerations.

From this point the trade began to take shape, each man sparring for an advantage. At last Ike said cautiously, "I got a cow — half Jersey. Might swap you for them mules, not that I want 'em, but —"

Bill snorted. "I ain't got no use for no more cows."

"I got a nice red bull calf I might throw in. 'Course I'd be losin' money in the long run. That calf will grow up into a big profit."

Bill shook his head. "No, sir! I wouldn't part with them mules. My wife is fond of 'em, too. She'd be pretty put out at me if I traded 'em off — just for a cow and a bull calf."

Ike fished out a stub of a pencil and began to figure how much that cow had earned for him in the last two years.

Bill knocked the ashes from his pipe and shook his head. "These days it's the cash money what talks," he declared.

"That's scarce," Ike told him sadly. "Why, only this morning my wife says to me, 'Ike, I need a new dress for Sundays. It will cost five dollars or maybe six.' 'Why,' says I to her, 'I only got ten right now.' So I give her half my cash, Bill. Half of it!"

"Tell you what I'll do," Bill compromised. "I'll give you the cow, the calf and four dollars for them mules."

Bill's face lengthened. "Make it ten and maybe —"

"Nope. Let's go, Johnny." At the gate Ike turned and said, "I got an extra good red rooster I'll throw in. Worth a couple dollars."

Bill took off his hat and scratched his head with his pipe stem. "Well, seein's it's you, Ike, I'll trade," he said after some deliberation. "Come along Johnny, let's get the beasts."

In the barn he reached into a pocket and pulled out two halves. "Much obliged, Johnny, for helpin' me get shed of that team. Here's the dollar I promised you in town this morning." He chuckled. "Reckon that red rooster is worth your commission."

When I got back to Ike's he grinned and handed me the crumpled dollar bill. "Much obliged, Johnny, for puttin' me on to this deal," he said. "It's worth the money to know that Bill's goin' to have that blamed old fightin' rooster on his hands. And that he's too tough to eat."

Yes, sir! It's not every day a fellow like me has a chance to pick up two bucks so easy!

Private First Class

By MILDRED KELSO
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

THE boy stood just inside the door of the crowded coach and looked anxiously up and down the aisle. In his left hand he held a paper suitcase. His right arm was in a sling.

"Why in blazes doesn't somebody help the kid find a seat?" Joe Murphy fumed. The train swung around a curve and the boy and his bag banged against the wall. Joe saw him wince. That arm, of course. He jumped to his feet and strode forward. "Here, kid," he said. "Gimme that suitcase. And you come and sit with me." He scowled at the other passengers as he piloted the boy toward the back.

"Gee, thanks!" the boy said gratefully. "Guess us civilians shouldn't be riding around," he apologized, "but Mollie wrote me to come home on the train. She thought it would take too much gas to drive the truck up to Plainsville."

"Been in Plainsville long?" Joe asked, just to be polite.

"I've been in the hospital. I broke my arm cranking the truck," he said. "I had to have X-rays and things. Right now," he said bitterly, "when we're busy with the spring planting!"

"You live on a farm?" This time Joe's voice was eager and interested.

The boy nodded. "A little ways out of Galata," he said. "It ain't much of a town."

They sat in companionable silence for a while, then the boy leaned over and shyly touched the stripe on Joe's sleeve. "I guess you have to be pretty good to get one of those," he ventured.

"Aw, not so good," Joe answered gruffly. For the first time he was a little ashamed of that single stripe. There might have been more, he knew, if he had worked a little harder. But what the heck did it matter? There wasn't anyone to be proud of him, even if he wore eagles on his shoulders.

The train began to slow down. "Here," Joe said, "I'll carry your suitcase." On an impulse he dragged his own bag from the shelf.

"Are you getting off here too?" the boy asked.

"Might as well," Joe muttered.

A girl with wind-blown curls and laughing mouth seized the boy. "Oh, Davey!" she cried. "It's good to have you home." Then she looked up at the tall figure behind the boy.

"This is a soldier I met on the train," Davey explained. "He got me a seat and carried my suitcase."

The girl held out a friendly hand. "Thank you, soldier," she said.

Joe felt his ears getting red. "That's all right," he mumbled. Then he remembered. "My name is Murphy. Joe Murphy."

"Private First Class," the girl supplied. "Davey can hardly take his eyes off that stripe. I'm Mollie Evans," she added. "Davey's sister."

Joe walked with them to the truck. "You'll have to crank it," Davey told him.

"Is anyone meeting you?" the girl asked.

"No, ma'am," Joe said. "I just got off with the kid. I figured to go on by the next train."

"Then you're coming home with us for supper," the girl said firmly. "No excuses. Chicken and dumplings in honor of Davey's return." Dimples flashed in her cheeks, and Joe couldn't take his eyes off them.

"All right," he said at last. "Maybe I can help your father fix that starter. Happens I know a little about trucks. My folks live on a farm too."

But there wasn't any father. Or any mother either. There was only Granny. "Both killed in an automobile accident," Granny told him when they were alone. "We don't talk much about it on account of Davey's being so nervous."

Mollie drove him to the depot after supper. Joe groped for the words he knew he must say. "I lied to you today," he blurted at last. "when I told you my folks lived on a farm. I've told it in camp so many times I kind of got to believing it. I haven't any folks, and I was never on a farm in my life until today."

"Do you want to tell me about it, Joe?"

"There isn't much to tell," he said. "I was raised in an orphanage in Brooklyn, and when I grew up I got a job driving a truck. In camp the fellows were always telling about their folks and the kind of homes they had, and so I told 'em my folks lived on a farm in Iowa. Then when the furloughs came all the fellows had places to go but me. I didn't want them feeling sorry for me," he said defensively, "so I went down to Des Moines and hung around. I expect we'll be shipping out pretty soon."

"I see." There was something in her voice that made Joe feel a little dizzy. "And when you get back," she said, "maybe you will come and help Granny and Davey and me run the farm. We need you, Joe," she said simply.

The train whistled to a brief stop and then was on its way. With eager step and shining eyes he strode down the aisle. Joe Murphy, Private First Class, whose folks lived on a farm.

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Pres. County Cattlemen's Assn.

Jere W. Sheldon of Madrone was reelected president of the Santa Clara County Cattlemen's Association at the meeting held Saturday in Gilroy. Problems of the cattlemen today, especially transportation of livestock, slaughtering and feed were discussed by Dan McKinney, secretary of the state association.

Attention is again called to the canning center which will be open tomorrow, Aug. 4 at 9 o'clock in the homemaking room of the high school. For reservations and information call Campbell 3901 or 3309.

Claude O. Grizzle who left last week to enter the navy training has been assigned to boot camp at San Diego. Claude was one of the Campbell Volunteer Fire company, probably the youngest member the company has had.

Perly Payne who had been home on a nine day leave after a long hospitalization, returned to Farragut, Idaho naval training station.

K. W. Van Gundy will continue to check pressure cookers at the Campbell Hardware store on Mondays at 9 a. m. until further notice.

Agnes Rucker of Campbell was an enlistee in the WAVE last month.

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Agricultural Prices, Farm Indebtedness, Purchase of Bonds

by W. Preston Thomas
Dept. of Agricultural Economics
Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah

IMMEDIATELY following World War I farmers bid up the price of land to a point where most of the purchasers either lost all of their farm equity or it took a lifetime to pay off the mortgage with low priced farm products. During this period of high prices will the farmers of America bid up the price of land and obligate themselves with a heavy debt load as they did in 1918 to 1920? Will they remember the indebtedness they incurred during World War I and how they were forced to carry this burden during a period of 20 years when agricultural prices were depressed? High prices and a post-war depression were new experiences for the farmers during and following World War I. Most of American farmers operating today have experienced both high and low agricultural prices. Will these experiences be remembered and will they plan their economic program more wisely during this period of high prices than was the case from 1914 to 1920?

Economic Program for Farmers

With the present outlook for continued heavy expenditures by the federal government for war purposes and a reduced amount of civilian goods, indications for the immediate future are for continuing good prices. However, with the closing of the war and a reduction of government expenditures and an adjustment in agriculture and industry back to production largely for civilian use, there will most likely come a reduction in prices. The exact time or extent of the reduction can not be predicted.

During the early phases of major wars, farmers should expand production to the limit. However, there comes a time because of uncertainties as to duration of the war and the fact that prices will fall during the post-war period, when the individual should not expand on long time credit which requires many years to liquidate.

Now is a good time for farmers to increase production for a year at a time or shorter periods by intensive use of available resources. It is a time which calls for caution concerning long-time commitments, especially for purchase of high-priced land, breeding stock, or equipment.

During the period of high prices the wise farmer will pay off his indebtedness and buy United States Bonds. During the post-war period there is likely to be a depreciation in land, livestock, and other farm values as well as reduced prices received for agricultural products. On the other hand the United States Government is guarantying the value, with interest, on the E Series of federal Bonds. The dollar invested in Bonds now when prices are high will be returned with interest without depreciation and at a time when the value of other commodities may be low. The value or purchasing power of the dollar invested in Bonds will be greatly increased when other prices are reduced or when an adjustment is made from a war to a peacetime economy. The farmer who is wisely planning his war and post-war economic program will have funds for use to improve the farm and the farm home during the post-war period. Such improvements might include the home, other farm buildings, fences, irrigation and drainage facilities, and the purchase of new equipment for the home and the farm. The present economic program for farmers should be to produce to the limit, get out of debt, buy government Bonds, and make plans to improve the home and the farm for satisfactory living and for economic production during the post-war period.

U. S. Treasury Department